HALL ELEVATED STATION. eal Blement of Risk in the Present State of Things, to Say Nothing of the Biscomfort -Football Factice Seeded to Get On a Train

at the City Hall and Ninth Street Stations It takes nerve and muscle to get on board a train at the City Hall and the Ninth street stations of the Third avenue elevated railroad every afternoon between half past 4 o'clock and half past 6 o'clock. One of these days, when the pushing, eager crowd that jams the uptown platform of the Ninth street station and the entire City Hali platform shoves some of its members off the platform under an incoming locomotive, there will be a great outery over the thing, and the condition of affairs during the rush will be changed. Some such accident seems inevitable sooner or later if the present state of things is permitted to continue. Meanwhile every day bruises, scratches and pervous strains are suffered by people who are obliged to go uptown on the Third avenue road in the rush hours. The mere item of discomfort, without any more serious unpleasantness, applies to every one of the road's customers at this time of day. As a matter of fact, the platforms of these two stations between the hours specified are the scenes of innumerable rough and tumble fights and the training schools and happy hunting grounds of

pickpockets. One day last week a stranger to the east side, moved by curiosity, fell in with the crowd that flows from the City Hall district toward the bridge stairs in immense numbers late in the afternoon. He reached the level of the bridge promenade in safety. A big blue sign over near the clevated railroad station indicated that trains were to be found somewhere in that neighborbood. It did not indicate any of the other varieties of activity to be found.

Pouring out of the exit door on the right of the slevated railroad ticket office came a crowd that was as wide as the doorway itself and moved with a velocity which indicated strong pressure from more crowd behind. The face of these people wore expressions of mingled relief and excitement. They were flushed, and most of them were angry. Some were laughing exeltedly. It was a strange thing, and it seemed a little startling to the stranger that nearly every man, woman, and child that came through that door during the space of two or three minutes

Volces of one or more men fising rapidly toward the tone that means fight. Hefore he could observe more he had to look out for himself.

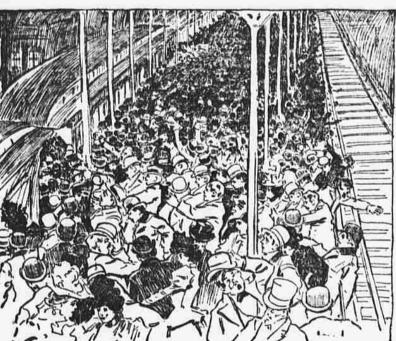
When he reached the end of the platform and began making these general observations he had stationed himself on the outside of a crowd of sixty people, more or less, who had formed in a semicircle around one of the openings in the railing next to the right-hand track. Now, after about a minute and a half, he was almost in the centre of a crowd twice as large, so may had joined it in that abort time. Every individual of the hundred and more in the crowd had his shoulder and one elbow pointed toward the four-foot opening in the railing, and was pressing steadily toward it. There was no train there, but they were pushing for position. Within a short distance of him the stranger saw the young woman who had stamped on his toe in the ticket office. He did not cherish any resentment against her, for she was in worse plight now than her worst enemy could have desired. Her hat had been knocked over her right car, and somehow or other she had been foolish enough to raise her arms from her side; and she was so wedged that she could not get them down again to protect herself. She was being squeezed from her shoulders to her knees. She was biting her lips to keep herself from screaming and was twisting her head up to get air.

was being squeered from her shoulders to her knees. She was biting her lips to keep herself from screening and was twisting her head up to get air.

A train rolled in. The platforms were jammed full of men. Inside the aisles were full of men and women rising from their seats. It was apparent that the train was more than comfortably crowded. The platforms of the last car and the next one to it came to a stop at the opening in the railing nearest the stranger. As soon as the train stopped the crowd that had been waiting around the opening pressed forward. The stranger himself moved about three feet. Then it stopped short. It had reached the train. There was a crowd just as compact on the train that wanted to get off. For a minute or two the foremost ranks in both crowds shouldered one another angrily. At last one man worked his way from the train into the dense mass that was pressing in against him. He was followed by another and another. Each one was the centre of a free fight. Then came one dragging a woman after him, and in his wake, a woman with a two-year-old child in her arms. Then came a whole train load, and meanwhile the gathering crowd that wanted to get on the train fought to reach the cars that were not ready for them, fought to hold the positions that they had obtained by coming early or by strategic shoving, or to relieve themselves of their overpow ring wrath against their fellow men.

The stranger was fighting, too. He was not nearly a fighting man, but he couldn't resist the desire. He set his chows firmly akinho and started for the car whirlight fashion. He thought to himself that all his good manners and generosity must have been squeezed out of him. He knew he must have had some such attributes once upon a time, because one of his maiden aunts, who was very particular about such things, wrote him a letter every Christmane to ell him so, inclosing a \$20 bill as aguarantee of good faith. Thus does the mind of perishing man cling to trilling incidents of life.

A scream at his right brought him t



CITY HALL STATION.

had fists clinched and clbows set at an aggresangle, as if ready to punch.

stranger went into the ticket office. He
there three ticket windows with a line of The stranger went into the ticket office. He saw there three ticket windows with a line of five or six persons leading up to each window. Men would come up, fall in behind the lines in which there were six, and then, noticing at one of the other windows a line in which there were six, and then, noticing at one of the other windows a line in which there were only four, would break away and run for the shorter line. The stranger fell in behind the shorter line. The stranger fell in behind the shorter line, as away and run for the shorter line, as away and run for the shorter line, as away and run for the shorter line, as away and simost before he knew it there were five or six—on behind him, all of them urging the others forward, so that he in return was compelled to stub his toes against the beel of a young woman in front of him. The stranger may be very much mistaken, but he is ready to make oath that the last thing this young woman did after draw in he is ticket out from the shelf on which it was passed to her was to lift one of those same heels and bring it down with fintent to hurt one or more of the toes that had been interfering with it. If that was her intention, she was successful, inasmuch as the came stronger and stronger. After a white comparative comfort to the oneside of the Iron with the comparative comfort to the oneside of the Iron with the comparative comfort to the other deniles of the Iron with the comparative comfort to the oneside of the Iron with the comparative comfort to the oneside of the Iron with the comparative comfort to the other feet, and as be did so, he felt things ripping. She leaned against him for a minute, breathed hard, and t en turned away looked up angrily over her shoulder.

Then, and not until then, he became conscious that the train had gone, and that he was in the front rank of a rapidly forming semi-circular front rank of a rapidly forming semi-circular front rank of a rapidly forming semi-circular front which he had joined there minutes before. If he had thought that aton, she was successful. Inashuch as the stranger, when hurt, drew back his foot suddenly and his heel in turn rapped sharply on the shin bone of a benevolent-looking gentleman behind him, who immediately said some very unbenevolent things, it can be taken for granted that at least three of the people who deposited their tickets within the next few minutes were somewhat out of temper. Observation showed that a disposition to get angry at a moment's notice and at the slightest provocation was a general characteristic of rush-hour passengers.

tion showed that a disposition to get angry at a moment's notice and at the slightest provocation was a general characteristic of rush-hour passengors.

At the entrance to the train platform there are three ticket boxes, one on each side and one in the middle. Three men stand there and chop the tickets that are put into those boxes just as fast as they can work the handles of the choping machines for two hours. This means that the crowd, generally speaking, comes through the passageway four abreast. The middle pair drop their tickets into the middle box and the outsiders into the outside boxes. The boxes wouldn't be there if the crowd was not so great as to make such an arrangement necessary, because the minute the crowd decreases the middle box is closed. The stranger found a corner where there was an eddy between the human crowds entering and leaving the platform, and made some computations. He doesn't know how many people at takes to make a trainioud, hor exactly how many people arrived on the platform in a given time, but to the best of his judgment, as he watched, there seemed to be about two and one-fifth trainiouds coming in to the platform during the time in which it took a train to unload, fill up again, and pull out. There were the trains coming in and going out all the time, so that one-fifth of a trainioud was left behind each time on the platform.

The stranger started down the platform. Men in uniform, stationed about thirty feet apart, were shouting with volves as lound and monotonous as those of street bucksters, "Move up forward! Plenty of room in the forward cars! Hurry up forward!" and so on indefinitely. When the crowd became slightly congrated they lent the aid of their arms and shoulders to their root. At the same time there was a crowd coming down the platform from the trains that had just arrived. These were the people whom the observer had seen at a more advanced singe of their progress, just before he entered the ticket office. Now he saw why they were anary and excited. They came down

there would be a squeeze on the slices and a rattie of men's cuss words, or the cries of women
spussling for help.

The observer was about half way up the platform. He was beginning to wonder where the
police were, to, of course, he thought that
wherever such a crowd was gathered common
sense would direct that a body of police be stationed fiber to regulate it. He didn't see any
police, and concluded they must be at a point
a little further up the platform, where there was
a racket which indicated a crowd of human beings in an unusual state of excitement. He
fought on, A great volume of voices from
somewhere near the side rails dinned in his ears
the unceasing retrain: "Harlem express on the
"sphi! This side for Harlem! Harlem express
on the right! No stop from Ninth to 10dth!
Pleaty of seats in the forward cars!"

He kept on through the turmoil, through the
shouts and the clowing and squeezing confusion until he reached the very end of the platform. A train had just gone out. It was the
"train on the right" commended to him as a
quick means of getting to Harlem. A train on
the left was just coming in. It stopped with a
creaking and groaning of machinery. He heard
the gates slam, and then around each car platform was a whirling and scattering of human
bod! s. like sawdust on the whirlpools along the
surface of a milirace. He heard one or two
son same of women, and time and again the

resched down and caught her under the shoulder. He found himself almost dragged under with her. She was screaming for dear life; so were one or two other women. He brought her to her feet, and as he did so, he felt things ripping. She leaned against him for a minute, breathed hard, and t en turned away looked up angrily over her shoulder.

"You've ruined my dress," she said.

Then, and not until then, he became conscious that the train had gone, and that he was in the front rank of a rapidly forming semi-circular crowd like that which he had joined three minutes before. If he had thought that the back of the growd was a precarious place, he now learned

became stronger and stronger. After a while the uniformed railroad employee, clinging in comparative comfort to the outside of the Iron railing, ceased yelling, "Harlem extress! Harlem express! This way for Harlem!" and began to intersperse such remarks as these: "Stop shoving back there!" "There's plenty of time, don't push!" "Easy, easy, easy now!" and other things that neither consoled nor convinced.

Just as the stranger began to wonder whether the rail itself was not in danger of being pushed over, a train came in. It was all he could do to keep from being jammed up against the side of the moving cars. The moment the train stopped he was rejected as from a catapult plump into the people crowded together on the platform. After the tense suspense of his position on the edge of the platform, overhanging the track, the thumps and knocks around the door of the car were a positive relief. He breathed hard for a minute or two and then squeezed himself into the car at the head of the invading host. The onlire car was empty, and, somewhat clazed, he walked leisurely toward one of the middle sections. When he reached it he woke from his confused state of mind to a realization of the fact that every sent in the car was filled. He thought about this for a while, then looked up for a strap to which he could cling. They were all occupied, too.

He peered out to the platform, He saw the

were leaning book and "wedging them selven opened to bee from both pushed with early the proper of t

MSS. ARE THEIR WARES.

THE BUSINESS CARRIED ON BY THE LITERARY AGENTS.

Mnewledge of the Needs of the Publishers That Enables Them to Be of Great Service to the Authors-Higher Prices Paid-Pent-ures of a Husiness New in This Country.

The literary agent is one form of the middleman against whom little complaint has been heard. Maybe this comes from the fact that he deals with writers who are apt to know little about business methods. However that may be, it is certain that the writers accepted the middleman with enthusiasm. With his advent the traditional antagonism between publishers and writers lost its sharpest edge. Nor does the old spirit vent itself on the agent who serves as buffer between the opposing interests. The writers swear by him. The publishers are not unfriendly to him,

The literary agent is not altogether new. The dean of literary middlemen, in fact, began his work nearly twenty years ago, when he undertook to sell a manuscript for a friend. He had been an assistant reader of manuscripts for a publishing firm. His chief was discharged, and naturally the assistant also had to go. While unemployed a friend asked him as a favor to dispose of a book for him. He was able to make so satisfactory an arrangement that the idea of founding a literary agency

"What can I say? You've only doubled my ncome and given me good advice into the bar gain. 'Thank you' seems rather an ineffective return, doesn't it! Sincerely yours,

"RUDTARD KIPLING." This letter was written to A. P. Watt, the

first of the literary agents. Anthony Hope, in a letter to Mr. Watt, summarizes the advantages of the agent in these words: "A writer must be grateful who finds his life simplified and his income amplified—and these agreeable things I have experienced from

Stanley Weyman wrote in these words of the advantage which he had experienced through his dealings with the literary agent:

"Looking at the date of the first letter I received from you, I find that seven years have slipped by since I found my way to your office n Paternoster square, where I placed in your hands a MSS, that, like Ulysses had known many men and cities and was the shabbier for much voyaging. Piloted by you shabbler for much voyaging. Photed by you, I have since that day travelled as far as the serial Antipodes: I have even, following resy-tinted hope, taken to the wings and appeared before the gods of London and New York. Nay, thanks to your skill and experience, I have re-turned from those distant allitudes bearing some few locks of the Golden Flocce behind me."

THE SUN, SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1897. FISHING RODS.

The Varied Ameriment That the Angler May

A man devoted to angling might have from twenty to fifty fishing rods. There are many men that own as many as forty, for fresh-water fishing only, which is here alone considered. At the outset of his fishing career, a man accumulates rods with experience. Here is what might happen in the case of a beginner, to whom the cost of rods was not a matter of importance:

He would start, say, with black bass, and buy a split bamboo rod weighing seven ounces, and ten feet in length. Out fishing he would neet a man using a six-ounce rod, which seemed to answer the purpose just as well, and very soon he buys a bass minnow-casting rod, with light tackle, a rod weighing four or five onnces, and minnow to his book and cast it 100 or 125 feet and not kill the minnow in the cast. Before he has reached this degree of proficiency, however, he is likely to begin on trout fly rods. And of these, before very long, he will accumulate eight or ten, ranging in weight from three to eight ounces. He will have rods for different kinds of fish-

go. While unemployed a friend asked him as a favor to dispose of a book for him. He was able to make so satisfactory an arrangement that the idea of founding a literary agency occurred to him. In this way the first of the fliterary agents as they exist began business. In spite of the fact that this first literary agent began work nearly twenty years age, the industry in its present form is new. His field is described in these words:

"The work of The Literary Agent is to conduct all business arrangements of every kind for Authors; that is to say, to place MSS, to the best advantage; to watch for all openings it is self-copyrights, either absolutely or for a limited period; to collect Royalties, and to receive other moneys due, to transfer Literary Property; to value Literary Property; to be introduced to the spite and the literary agents in this country and England. Selling the manuscripts to publishers is in reality the most important branch of the business. It is the increased facility with which they have proved themselves able to do this that has endeared the agents to the writter. That is probably the greatest achievement of the English agents, just as it is of the men engaged in the business here, although owing to the fact that the American agents have been but a comparatively short time in the business, few of them are able to show such a class of clients as those who are quoted in a book recently published in London by an agent. In the prints a collection of letters from suthors, finchiding writers as famous as William Back, Rudyard Kipling, the late Wilkie Collins, Ian Maclaren, Conan Doyle, and Anthony those of the fact that the American agents have been sinched gravity and the prints a collection of the services of the machangement of the services of t ing-for fishing from the bank and for fishing while wading; and rods adapted to the char-

causothey are of interest to friends who come to see him.

Of rods used in fresh water angling, bass, and trout fly rods of split bamboo cost \$1 to \$75 cach. The rod for \$75 would owe its cost not to expensive mountings, but to the material and workmanship, which would be of the best. There are rods with costly mountings, that are sold at far higher prices, but these are made usually for presentations. Salmon rods of split bamboo sell at \$30 to \$55, and grilse rods for \$5 less than salmon rods.

## WOMAN'S NECKTIES.

A Haberdasher's Criticism on the Ties She The necktie of the average woman is likely to distress her male friends under all circumstances, though the reign of the shirt waist has accustomed men to its vagaries. There is in particular one fashion which will be long in getting a word of commendation from any man. That is the wearing of the large, fat, ready-made plastron neckties which a long time ago went out of fashion for men.

"When they were worn several years ago," said a man who feels deeply on the subject, "their edges never showed under a wais coat and they were partly concealed. But a woman with one of these scarfs on, with nothing to cover it up, while it flaps in the breeze as she walks, is a sight to move a man to tears. The some few locks of the Golden Fleece behind me.

New York has no literary agent of the eminence of Mr. Watt, but, of cou se, there has been a demand here for the services of men who were able, as Anthony Hope wrote, "to simplify the lives and amplify the incomes of writers. The agent has done a great deal toward relieving authors of the burden of selling their stories. The discouraging round of the magazines is no longer accessary. It was a writer who did not employ an agent that gave utterance not long age to this complaint, "Well, I've sent that story to all the first-class imagazines, and here it is back with me again. I'm going now to start out on the 10, 20, 30 circuit and see what can be done with it

came. But the continuance of the shirt waist in a permanent winter form will make the flapping tie a reality for several months to come, and the final removal may not come for a long time yet. Just think of having it continue all next summer! The only mitigation of the present situation is the fact that in winter women wear jackets over their cloth shirt waists, and that improves the look of the ties so long as the women are out of doors. But inside the house the old neckties still cover two-thirds of their bottles and flap back and forth as they walk."

There are women who can the a scarf as well as a man, but there are not many of them. The same quality which makes them poor judges of the kind of neckties to buy prevents them from tying them well. Women select a necktie for a man either because its color seems beautiful to them or its quality good. These considerations are not at all important in selecting effective neckwear, and a man realizes this when a woman buys him a pink cripe de Chine scarf merely because the shade of pink is perfectly lovely. In tying their own ties it is an effort after the general effect that they make rather than the well-fied scarf. In most cases they wear their ties too long. Their necks are smaller than men's, but, nevertheless, they buy men's sizes in neckles, which always results in a painful superfluity of scarf. The ready-maile its which they wore last summer, so much to the distress of the men who saw them, got their first vogue with women because they were aiready tied.

"I think that all women because they were aiready tied.

"I think that all women because they were aiready tied.

"I think that all women because they were aiready tied.

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"I think the all women because they were aiready tied.

"I think that all women because they were aiready tied.

"I think the all women because they have an inch shorter is something they can never appreciate their area for himself. Ready-made ties must of course, be should in the of tie. Masculine neckwear, whether it is for herself or somebody cise, is one point on which woman's judgment will go astray if it possibly can."

THE RETIRED BURGLAR.

A Brief and Quiet Chapter from the Story of His Varied Life. "I don't think I was ever very much scared," said the retired burglar, "but I have been as much seared by slight, little things, that were of no real account as by anything else. For instance, by the scratching of a rat, starting up suddenly and running around in the wall. I was never more disturbed than I was once by the absolute more disturbed than I was once by the absolute stillness of a room that I was in. It was dead and oppressive; and I couldn't account for it.

"I swung my iam; around, and saw the usual things t at you might expect to see in such a room—it was a dining room—including a clock on the mantel. It was a pendulum clock, one of the kind that has a little clear space in the lower part of the glass front, through which you can see the pendulum as it swings back and forth. The lamp sumply swept across the face of the clock, as I swang it around, but an instant later I realized that I had seen no pendulum swinging back and forth behind that clear space. It wasn't winging. The clock had stopped.

"I set my lamp on the shelf, and opened the door of the clock and started up the pendulum, and then I heard the regular ticking of the clock. And that was all that was wanted. But what a relief it was to hear it. I could sert out the spoons now with a cheerful spirit."

CORCORANS OF THE ROOST.

THEIR SWAT ON THE BAST SIDE BROKEN, BUT THEIR PRIDE UNBENT lenteel Jamie, the Patriarch of the Settle

ment Hound Fortieth Street and Second Avenue-His Sceptre of Iron and the Prog-eny That Monor Him in Some Old Ways. In past years Corcoran's Roost gave the tone to all the region around Fortieth street east of Second avenue. If there was a stabbing affray, a street robbery, a mixed-ale war, a riot or a murder anywhere in the neighborhood the police always said: "The Corcorans have broken loose again;" and whenever an ambulance call cause he buys a six-ounce red himself. After a while | in from that district the ambulance surgeon drove straight to the Roost without stopping to make any inquiries. Lately, however, Corcomeasuring seven feet in length. He looks for ran's Roost has become commonplace, at least ward to the day when he can attach a live so eld Jamie Corcoran says, and he ought to know, as he has ruled the Roost for many years. His contention seems to be borne out by the fact that the last arrest there-and the only one for four whole weeks-was not for murder or even assault, but a puny, insignificant case of fliegal

> decadence. It is said that old Jamie Corcorau founded the establishment which bears his name by "squatting" on the rocks and building a shanty out of driftwood from the river. In that shanty he reared his family, and as the family increased the shanty expanded. In time Jamie acquired enough money to go into the trucking business, and he went into it with a will, for, though a tough citizen, he has never been a loafer or an

registration. Morcover, the prisoner was dis-

charged, which was the final mark of the Rocat's



dler. As his sons grew up they married into the families of the neighborhood squatters, and the result was a dynasty of Corco-rans that established a reign of law and disorder, both the law and the dis-order being of their own making, all through Fortieth street from Second avenue to the river. Their influence was felt also in the adjoining streets, and those policemen that pre-ferred a quiet life did not hanker after patrol duty in that part of the city. The original Corcoran, now a patriarch, came to be known as

duty in that part of the city. The original Corcoran, now a patriarch, came to be known as Genteel Jamie Corcoran, a bit of delicate satire which he resented by breaking the head of Liver Slade, who first gave him the name, with an iron bar. Naturally that fixed the nickname, and to this day his contemporaries call him Genteel Jamie when they meet him in a retreat where there is room to dodge.

For the most part the Corcorans contented themselves with fighting among themselves. Hold-ups in the vicinity were attributed to them, but not rightly. They were toughs for their own pleasure and amusement, but they never attempted to live by crime. As long as they fought among themselves the police did not care to interier with them much: but there came a time some years ago when, other amusements palling on them, they sought excitement in the sport of policeman balting. Their practice was to get drunk and drop rocks out of the windows of the Roost upon the head of the patrolman as he passed. The stiff police helmets prevented mortality, but it was unpleasant for the block." Then came the episode of Policeman Hauser, detailed by Capt. Ryan of the East Thirty-fifth street station to that beat.

"A Dutchmant" said the Corcorans when they set eyes on the broad-shouldered Hauser. "Any cop's bad enough, but a Dutch cop! Dat feller won't last t'reo days."

By way of warning they tossed a few bricks and rocks at him, some of which hit.

"If I find out who's doing that and over catch 'em outside," said Hauser, going across the street, "I'll club the head off him.

The next day this m ssage came to the station house:

"Take the Dutch — off the bote. He will get kild if he stays."

house:
" Take the Dutch —— off the bete. He will get kild if he stays. get kild if he stays.

"The Corcorans from the Roost."

Capt. Ryan showed the note to Hauser and advised him to take another post.

"What I Let myself be chased out!" said Hauser. "Not while I'm alive. You keep that note, sir. It'll be good evidence in case I have to kill any of 'em."

In the next few days Hauser's life was a wearing succession of dodges to avoid bricks and ing succession of dodges to avoid bricks and rocks that seemed to materialize in the atmos-phere for the purpose of landing on his head. Then he met Pickled Corcoran, so called, as he



CORCORAN OF THE ROOST.

used to explain, because he kept himself pickled in whiskey. He had been living up to his name on this particular day with more than usual consciontiousness. As soon as he saw the policeman he rushed at him but only to be knecked down. Picking himself up, he selzed a rock, but Hauser had him but only to be corans was sounded, bringing out lighters from every shauty in the vicinity, to attack the policeman on all sides. He drew his pistol, and in the fight Pickled Corcoran was shot. The ambaiance that took him to the bosnital size took Hauser, whose head was open in several places. As soon as he was strong enough he returned to his post. He pounded "Hell" Warner late subjection, made a sight of liver Slade's face, boat three Corcorans at once, and when on several occasions the entire neighborhood turned out against him, had the reserves out said caused as epidemic of lacerated scalp wounds and general contusion in the neighborhood. By the time he got throng the Roost was fairly peace be, and he was on friendly if not precisely sociable terms with nearly all of the Corcorans, who declared him to be a "square cop and a helion in a shimmingan."

Even a greater change than that wrought by the disciplinary efforts of Hauser came to pass when the shanty-growned rucks of osite the Corcorans were blasted out, and tenemens erected there; for that drove away fully half of the gang. The other half took up quarters with Corcorans at what had become by that time a numbered readence—317. Most of the mostly wit in the house, and Corcoran's and while the men worked it women fought, so there were still lively times, but thoy were mostly wit in the house, and Corcoran's and house was Corcoran's castle, if ever the old legilab phrase was true of any man. Whoever invaded it did so at his peril. Within doors of the gaing that the slidobar of an iron bedieted, long strong, and wieldy. In Corcoran shunds it was, and is yet, a weapon that the toughest of the gaing dare not face.

When a younger generation of Corcorans and the allied ho

Since then there has been little trouble for the police from predatory Corcorans. The latest case of much importance was in 1892, when Lizzie Gates, a niece of themsel famile, had her busband. Edg., arrested for beating her, thereby violating one of the unwritten laws of the Hoost. Policeman Kelly arrested Edg., and Eddy got even with him by throwing him down an areaway and Jumpins on him until the policeman became unconscious. This gave rise to Rosat was returning, and it was followed by a number of assaults and free fights. Eddy went to Sing Ming for two and a haif years, and a few broken heads satisfied the ambitions of the others. Two days before the expiration of his sentence Linzic partook of mixed alo to such an extent that she was taken to the hospital as an extent that she was taken to the hospital as an extent that she was taken to the hospital statement of the she was taken to the hospital as an extent that she was taken to the hospital as an extent that she was taken to the hospital she when she discovered that she was charged with having tried to poison herself with nixed ale. The case which brought Genteel Jamie Corcoran into court hast week was a charge of illegal registration ag instone of his adherents. William Milligan. Milligan was discharged. Genteel Jamie Insisted on shaking hands with Magistrate Flammer, and made a sie-ch.

"Im 78 years old, he said, "and I've been at the Rocat forly-cight years, come St. Patrick's day. You've heard, of me, Judge, yeranner. I'm Corcoran of Corcoran's Roost, and time was when it was a place. But was into the mapers every week. But it's very respectable now, Judge, yeranner, alince there's been so much as half a brick trown at a copout of my windles."

After the court closed a Sun reporter walked through For y-first street to look at the Roost. He found it a shambling old frame building, adjoined by a particularly maiodorous stable. Against the front of the house caned a specimen of the genus C recran, who had a Philadelphia extension jaw, and looked to be bout 35 years old and to have lacked a shave f r half of that period.

"How are you, Corcoran?" said the reporter at a venture.

"Wraw-w-w-r-r-r!" growled the specimen in

that period.

"How are you, Corcoran?" said the reporter at a venture.

"Wraw-w-v-r-r!" growled the specimen in the genial tones of a buildog looking for samples of trouserings.

"Come down to the corner and have a mixed als? inquired the reporter pacifically.

"Nah!" replied the Corcoran explosively.

The reporter felt disconcerted.

"Tell with mixed ale!" continued the Corcoran after spitting viciously three times.

"Mine's w'iskey."

As the reporter and the Corcoran walked away, the Corcoran discoursing of the Roost, a female with a black eye stuck an otherwise damaged face out of the window.

"Wait till yer come back, Tim, ye devil," she said, shaking a red fist. "I'll brain you with the stove lid."

"Who is that lady?" asked the reporter, being wise enough to use the specific and not the general femioline term.

"Ah, dat's me reg." said the Corcoran. "I aim't licked her but twice since we get bitched and dat's a mont and. Ah now she's sore. Women folks bears all hell."

He paused; then turned around.

"I'll spuil yer older peep when I come back, yer bas, "he shouted affectionately.

When the reporter left him he was getting in condition on whiskey, six fingers to the glass, with beer for a chaser.

product is honey. This product is gained from

product is honey. This product is gained from two apiaries, which Mr. Reynolds visits every time his business permits him.

"In my apiaries, which are cared for by my son," said he, "there are 140 stand of bees. The honey season lasts from April to July. This season my lees yielded 40,000 pounds of honey, which sells in that country in buck lots at 4 cents a pound. Two of the hives gave over 500 pounds each. For ten years I have been interested in bees in a small way, and I take greater interest in them every year. A hive or stand of bees is worth \$2.50. In it are the interested in boes in a small way, and I take greater interest in them every year. A hive or stand of bees is worth \$2.50. In it are the queen, the drones and the workers, a total population of irom 20,000 to 25,000 bees.

"This very good-sized colony," he continued, "resides in a hive or wooden box. In the hive are a dozen frames thirteen by seven inches. In these the bees make or deposit the honey, a foundation of wax having bean first placed in each frame by the bee keeper, so that the bees may have something to build upon. The honey is taken out of the frames every other week during the honey season. While doing so there is little need of protecting the hands. The bees seem to be most inclined to sting one in the face. So as a precaution the man who is removing the honey from the hives wears a straw hat, from the brim of which is hung a sik veil, like they have to do up in the klondike country to ward off the mosquitoes.

"The queen is an absolute monarch within her dominions. She is the undisputed boss of the job. An ordinary bee lives during the working season only forty-five days. Young ones are being hatched out all the time. A bee goes to work at the tender age of three days, and hustles like a veteran for forty-two days. Then it is just naturally all tired out, I surpose, for it dies. The queen lives longer, and when a young queen comes into existence in the live she drives the old queen out. Her loyal subjects follow her in her banishment, and that is what makes the swarm.

"In southern California the bees make water-white honey when the black sage is in blosson. When the white sage is flowering the honey is an amber tinge. In winter the bees make no honey. Seventy-five car joads are shippen out of San Diego county in good years."

## Christmas Opening.

F. A. O. Schwarz

announces the 28th Annual Christmas Exhibition

TOYS, DOLLS, GAMES.

and all the Novelties of the Season at the large New Toy Bazar

39 & 41 W. 23d Street, OPPOSITE Stern Bros.

An early call is solicited to avoid the usual rush in December. Goods now selected can be reserved and sent at date desired.

Entrance also at 20 West 24th Street

ITALY'S CHESTNUT FARMS.

CHESTNUTS THE STAFF OF LIFE IN THE BIGHER APENNINES.

Enwyliten Law as to the Yield-Harvest-

ing the Nuts-Drying and Preparing for Use as Food-The "Chestauta" Man of America Comes Monestly by His Calling. From the Youth's Companion. The millions of peasants in Italy find it hard to get enough from the soil to feed themselves

and to keep the thousands of landlords in a greater or less degree of lazy luxury. On the plains the country people do manage to have bread with their wine, or fruit, or vegetables, but the mountaineers would be only too glad to work for enough dry bread. Italy is a mountainous country, and at 1,000 feet above the sea in the Apennines the low an-

nual temperature does not favor luxurious vegeation. There grapes and figs cease to ripen, vegetables grow poor and scarce, corn is dis-eased and "hubby," and grain matures imperfeetly. As one ascends the prospect of food grows worse, and at 1,500 feet the tiny grain plots would seem contemptible to our Western farmers These little " beds," rather than fields, are actually propped up by solid stone walls, which keep the precious soil from washing down the mountain side. Some of the terraces are but

two or three yards wide.

The highest point of the Apennines is over 9,000 feet, and all along up the mountains for more than half that height thousands of persons are trying to wrench a living from Mother Carth. At an altitude of 2,000 feet I read this nscription on a farmhouse gate: summer temperature 25' centigrade," which is about 77 Fahrenheit, and this is reached only ten times or so during the summer. From 2,000

"How are you, Corcoral" said the reporter lat Wannew-reft" growted the specime and the semilations of a buildog looking for sample of tropserines correct and have a missed self inquired the reporter pacifically."

Nahl' repliet the Corcoran explosively.
"Toll with mixed aleft continued the Corcoran after, milling viciously three times or so during the said said of the corcoran active and the Corcoran walked away, the Corcoran discovering of the Room.

As the proporter and the Corcoran walked away, the Corcoran discovering of the Room.

What till yer come back, Thin, yed cert, the land was a common to the specific and not the self with the property of the Room.

"Ab, date me reft," said the Corcoran "In the self was the property of the Room." All the self will be a self with the reporter left him he was getting in condition on whicher, six millions to the sagetting in condition on whicher, six flagers to the said.

ADVENTURES OF A BLUE FOX.

Brought from Greenland to This Country of the Room of the Said the Corcoran "In the Room of the Said the Corcoran "In the self will be reported by the self will be reported by the self will be reft or a chiner.

He paused; then turned around.

He paused; the turned around.

He paus

they are dim with the smoke of years of chest-nut drying.

After the chestnuts are well dried and hulled, they are sent to a rude mill, where they are soon turned into a grayish flour, very heavy and very sweet. The chestnut millistone is of far coarser grain than that used for grinding flour, and one lasts about forty years. Some of the mills look very ancient, and not a few date back to the fourteenth century. Seeing an old millstone built into a moss-grown wall, I asked the white-haired mi ler what he thought about its age, He replied: "My grandfather died at the age of 90, before I was born, but he told my father that the millstone was set in the wall befor- his father; day."

The year's store of chestnut flour is kept in a big chest which stands in the kitchen, and is made of chestnut wood. On many of these bins is carved a date of two or three centuries ago, but the wood is as firm and sold as if cut loss year. The common way of preparing chestnut as wooden bowl, and then both the porridice opper kettle. When done the stiff, brown mass is poured out on the deal table, and affect cooling a little it is sawed into slices by a tow strinr, a steel blade being considered injurious to the flavor of the porridge.

But if the family cook be in a good humor, she makes her household happy by baking seece, which in color and shape are very much like buck wheat cakes. They are tough, sickeningly sweet, and very indirectable, set they are tought, sickeningly sweet, and very indirectable, set they are tought in the constant of an Aponnine kitchen.

"doughnuts" of an Aponnine kitchen, as it is usigne; it consists of round tiles chipped from mountain slate, and kept in a triangular rack in a corner when not in use. These tiles are heated in the ashes of a woul fire, and then covered with chestnut leaves scaled in water to prevent them from scorching.

The after tole is spread thickly with the batter, and pressed into the stock, which holds them in place until the stack is as high sat the upright rods of the rack. Attentives the cakes are set to the surface of the rack, and the safety of the rack. Attentives the cakes are set to the surface of the rack, and the surface of the rack, and the surface of the rack, and the surface of the rack. They string and stringing of these leaves in the autumn is the work of the young folks, who make it the occasion of much tun.

Word gets abroad that a stringing "bee" is on hand at a certain house, and soon after supper the raist maids abpear with the surface of the surface of the rack in the work of the young folks, who make it works the surface of the surface